THE PEEP O' DAY

A SALT LAKE MAGAZINE

OF

SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART.

E. L. T. HARRISON & E. W. TULLIDGE, EDITORS. PUBLISHED THE TWENTIETH OF EACH MONTH.

Vol. I. GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, U. T., NOVEMBER 11, 1864. No. 1.

MIRIAM ALROY

A TALE OF

THE JEWISH CAPTIVITY.

BY BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, M. P. [C.]

PART IV.

Tradition delivered that the sceptre of Solomon could be found only in the unknown sepulchres of the ancient. Her brow mysterious, and that none might dare to touch it but on of their descendants. Armed with the cabalistic talisman, which was to guide him in his awful and difficult researches, Alroy commenced his pilgrimage to the Holy City. At this time, the love of these sacred wanderings was a prevailing passion among the Jews, as well as Christians.

The prince of the captivity was to descend his journey to the heart of those great deserts which, on his flight to Madagascar, he had only traversed. Following the track of the caravan, he was to make his way to Bokhara, or Bagdad. From the capital of the caliphs, his journey to Jerusalem was one comparatively easy; but, to reach Bagdad, he must encounter hardship, and danger, the prospect of which would have deterred any one of hope, who did not conceive himself the object of an omnipotent and particular Providence.

Clothed only in a coarse black frock, confined among the Kourds, girded round his centre by a cord, which held his dagger, his head shaven, and covered with a large white turban, which screened him from the heat, his feet protected only by slippers supported by his staff, and bearing on his shoulders a bag of dried meat and parched corn, and a leathern skin of water, behold a youth longing over the glowing sands of Persia, whose life had hitherto been a long unbroken dream of domestic luxury and innocent indulgence.

He traveled during the warm night, or the early morn. During the day he rested, happy if he could recline by the side of some charitable well, shaded by a palm tree, or frighten a gazelle from its resting place among the rough bushes of some wild rocks. Were these resources wanting, he threw himself upon the sand, and made an awning with his staff and turban.

Three weeks had elapsed since he quitted the cavern of the cabalist. Hitherto he had met with no human being. The desert became less arid. A scanty vegetation sprang up from a more genial soil, the ground broke into gentle undulations, the slopes were invigorated with the verdure of wild plants, and his sight refreshed by the glancing form of some wandering bird, a pilgrim like himself, but more at ease.

Soon sprung up a grove of graceful palm trees, with their tall thin stems, and bending feathery crowns, languid and beautiful. Around the verdant sod gleamed like an emerald; silver streams, flowing from a bubbling parent spring, wound their white forms within the bright green turf. From the grove arose the softening song of doves, and showers of gay and sparkling butterflies, borne on their tinted wings of shifting light, danced without danger in the liquid air. A fairer and freer oasis

Alroy reposed in this delicious retreat for two days, feeding on the living dates, and drinking of the fresh water. Pain would he have lingered, nor indeed until he rested had he been sufficiently conscious of his previous exertion. But the remembrance of his great mission made him restless, and steeled him to the suffering which yet awaited him.

At the dawn of the second day of his journey from the oasis, he beheld, to his astonishment mingled but distinctly traced on the far horizon, the walls and turrets of an extensive city. Animated by this unexpected prospect, he continued his progress for several hours after sunrise. At length, utterly exhausted, he found refuge from the overpowering heat, beneath the cupola of the ruined tomb of some Moslemin saint. At sunset he continued his journey, and in the morning found himself within a few miles of the city. He halted and watched with anxiety for some evidence of its inhabitants. None was visible. No crowds or caravans issued from the gates. Not a single human being, not a solitary camel moved in the vicinity.

The day was too advanced for the pilgrim to proceed, but so great was his anxiety to reach this unknown settlement, and penetrate the mystery of its silence, that ere sunset Alroy entered the gates.

A magnificent city, of an architecture with which he was unacquainted, offered to his entranced vision its gorgeous ruins and deserted splendour; long streets of palaces, with their rich line of lessening pillars here and there broken by some fallen shaft, vast courts surrounded by ornate and solemn temples, and luxurious baths, adorned with rare mosaics, and yet bright with antique gilding: now an arch of triumph still lofty with its broken friezes, now a granite obelisk covered with strange characters, and proudly towering o'er a prostrate companion; sometimes a void and mouldering theatre, sometimes a long and elegant aqueduct, sometimes a poor ivory column, once breathing with the heroic

Good spring up a grove of graceful palm trees, with their tall thin stems, and bending feathery crowns, languid and beautiful. Around the verdant sod gleamed like an emerald; silver streams, flowing from a bubbling parent spring, wound their white forms within the bright green turf. From the grove arose the softening song of doves, and showers of gay and sparkling butterflies, borne on their tinted wings of shifting light, danced without danger in the liquid air. A fairer and freer oasis

—all suffused with [illegible]

[illegible] upon the strange and fascinating [illegible]. The more he beheld, the more [illegible] osity was excited. He dreamed [illegible] difficulty, he advanced without a [illegible] feeling of eagerness and [illegible] of Fresh wonders successively [illegible] themselves. Each [illegible] scene of still more [illegible] The echo of his own [illegible] He looked around him with an [illegible] air, a fluttering heart, a changing countenance. All was silent, [illegible] brow prison, stood amid the [illegible] tion of the Macedonian [illegible] pires and dynasties flourish [illegible] away, the proud metropolis [illegible] solitude, the conquering kingdom [illegible] desert, but [illegible] descendant of [illegible] breathed amid those [illegible] the eternal sun could [illegible] gilded the towers [illegible] A [illegible] desert, a single [illegible] map, and we might be [illegible]

A shout; he turns, he is [illegible] ferocious Kourdish bandits [illegible] bind him.

The bandits hurried their captive through a street which appeared to [illegible] be the principal way of the city. Nearly at its termination they turned into a small Indian temple, and clambering over some fallen pillars, they entered a quarter, or the city of a more ruinous aspect than that which Alroy and his [illegible] to visited. The path was narrow, often obstructed, and around were signs of devastation for which the exterior of the city had not prepared him.

The brilliant but brief twilight of the orient was fast fading away; a sombre purple tint succeeded to the rosy hue, the distant towers rose black, although defined in the clear and shadowy air, and the moon, which, when he first entered, had studded the heavens like a small white cloud, now glittered with deceptive light.

Suddenly before them rose a huge pile. Oval in shape and formed of [illegible] of arches, it was evidently much dilapidated, and one enormous breach, and undulating rent, extending from the top nearly to the foundation, almost separated the side to which Alroy and his companions advanced.

Clambering up the [illegible] a [illegible] massy wall, the robbers and their prisoner descended into an [illegible] amphitheatre, which, gained [illegible] in the shadowy and streaming moonlight, it were groups of men, horses, and camels. In the extreme distance, reclining or squatting on mats or carpets, was a

large assembly engaged in a rough but merry banquet. A fire blazed at their side, its red and uncertain flame mingling with the white and steady moonbeam, and throwing a flickering light over their ferocious countenances, their glistening armour, ample drapery, and shrouded heads.

"A spy," exclaimed the captors, as they dragged Alroy before the leader of the band.

"Hang him, then," said the chieftain, without even looking up.

"This wine, great Scherirah, is excellent, or I am no true Moslemin," said a principal robber; "but you are too cruel; I hate this summary punishment. Let us torture him a little, and extract some useful information."

"As you like, Kisloch," said Scherirah; "it may amuse us. Fellow, where do you come from? He cannot answer. Decidedly a spy. Hang him up."

The captors half untied the rope that bound Alroy, that it might serve him another purpose; when another of the gentle companions of Scherirah interposed.

"Spies always answer, captain. He is more probably a merchant in disguise."

"And carries hidden treasure," added Kisloch; "these rough coats often cover jewels. We had better search him."

"Ay! search him," said Scherirah, with his rough brutal voice; "do what you like, only give me the bottle. This Greek wine is choice booty. Feed the fire, men. Are you asleep? And then Kisloch, who hates cruelty, can roast him, if he likes."

The robbers proceeded to strip their captive. "Friends, friends!" exclaimed Alroy, "for there is no reason why you should not be friends, spare me, spare me. I am poor, I am young, I am innocent. I am neither a spy nor a merchant. I have no plots, no wealth. I am a pilgrim."

"A decided spy," exclaimed Scherirah; "they are ever pilgrims."

"He speaks too well to speak truth," exclaimed Kisloch.

"All talkers are liars," exclaimed Scherirah.

"That is why Kisloch is the most eloquent of the band."

"A jest at the banquet may prove a curse in the field," replied Kisloch.

"Pooh!" exclaimed Scherirah, "fellows why do you hesitate? Search the prisoner, I say!"

They advanced, they seized him. In vain he struggled.

"Captain," exclaimed one of the band, "he wears upon his breast a jewel!"

"I told you so," said the third robber.

"Give it me," said Scherirah.

But Alroy, in despair, at the thought of losing the talisman, remembering the injunction of Jabaster, and animated by supernatural courage, burst from his searchers, and seizing a brand from the fire, held them at bay.

"The fellow has spirit," said Scherirah, calmly. "'Tis pity, it will cost him his life."

"Bold man," exclaimed Alroy, "for a moment hear me! I am a pilgrim, poorer than a beggar. The Jewel they talk of is a holy emblem, worthless to you, to me invaluable, and to be forfeited only by my life. You may be careless of that. Beware of your own. The first man who advances, dies. I pray you humbly, chieftain, let me go."

"Kill him!" said Scherirah.

"Stab him!" exclaimed Kisloch.

"Give me the jewel," said the third robber.

"God of David be my refuge, then!" exclaimed Alroy.

"He is a Hebrew, he is a Hebrew," exclaimed Scherirah, jumping up. "Spare him! spare him! my mother was a Jewess."

The assailants lowered their arms, and withdrew a few paces. Alroy still remained upon his guard.

"Valiant pilgrim," said Sherirah, advancing, with a softened voice, "are you for the holy city?"

"The city of my fathers."

"A perilous journey. And whence from?"

"Hamadan."

"A dreary way. You need repose. Your name?"

"David."

"David, you are among friends. Rest and repose in safety. You hesitate. Fear not! The memory of my mother is a charm that always changes me." Scherirah unsheathed his dagger, punctured his arm, and, throwing away his weapon, offered the bleeding member to Alroy. The prince of the captivity touched the open vein with his lips.

"My troth is pledged," said the bandit, "I can never betray him in whose veins my own blood is flowing." So saying, he led Alroy to his carpet.

"Eat, David," said Scherirah.

"I will eat bread," answered Alroy.

"What, have you had so much meat lately that you will refuse this delicate gazelle that I have brought down this morning with my own lance? 'Tis food for a caliph."

"I pray you give me bread."

"O! bread if you like. But that a man should prefer bread to meat, and such meat as this, 'tis miraculous."

"A thousand thanks, good Scherirah, but with our people the flesh of the gazelle is forbidden. It is unclean. Its foot is cloven."

"I have heard of these things," replied Scherirah, with a thoughtful air. "My mother was a Jewess, and my father was a Kourd. Whichever be right, I hope to be saved."

"There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" exclaimed Kisloch; "though I drink wine. Your health, Hebrew."

"I will join you," said the third robber. "My father was a Guebre, and sacrificed his property to his faith; and the consequence is, his son has got neither."

"As for me," said a fourth robber, of very dark complexion and singularly bright eyes, "I am an Indian, and I believe in the great golden figure with carbuncle eyes, in the temple of Delhi."

"I have no religion," said a tall negro, in a red turban, grinning with his white teeth; "they have none in my country, but if I had heard of your God before, Calidas, I would have believed in him."

"I almost wish I had been a Jew," exclaimed Scherirah, musing. "My mother was a good woman."

"The Jews are very rich," said the third robber.

"When you get to Jerusalem, David, you will see the christians," continued Scherirah.

"The accursed Giaours," exclaimed Kisloch, "we are all against them."

"With their white faces," exclaimed the negro.

"And their blue eyes," said the Indian.

"What can you expect of men who live in a country without a sun?" observed the Guebre.

Alroy awoke about two hours after midnight. His companions were in deep slumber. The moon had set, the fire had died away, a few red embers yet remaining; dark masses of shadow hung about the amphitheatre. He arose and cautiously stepped over the sleeping bandits. He was not, in strictness, a prisoner; but who could trust to the caprice of these lawless men? To-morrow might find him their slave, or their companion in some marauding expedition, which might make him almost retrace his steps to the Caucasus or to Hamadan. The temptation to ensure his freedom was irresistible. He clambered up the ruined wall, descended into the intricate windings that led to the Ionic fane, that served him as a beacon, hurried through the silent and starry streets, gained the great portal, and rushed once more into the desert.

A vague fear of pursuit made him continue his course many hours without resting. The desert again became sandy, the heat increased. The breeze that plays about the wilderness, and in early spring is often scented with the wild fragrance of aromatic plants, sank away. A lurid brightness suffused the heavens. An appalling stillness pervaded nature; even the insects were silent. For the first time in his pilgrimage, a feeling of deep despondency fell over the soul of Alroy. His energy appeared suddenly to have deserted him. A low hot wind began to rise, and fan his cheeks with pestiferous kisses, and enervate his frame with its poisonous embrace. His head and limbs ached with a dull sensation, more terrible than pain; his sight was dimy, his tongue swollen. Vainly he looked around for aid, vainly he extended his forlorn arms, and wrung them to the remorseless heaven. Almost frantic with thirst, the boundless horizon of the desert disappeared, and the unhappy victim, in the midst of his torture, found himself apparently surrounded by bright and running streams, the fleeting waters of the false mirage!

The sun became blood-red, the sky darker, the sand rose in fierce eddies, the moaning wind burst into shrieks and respired a more ardent and still more malignant breath. The pilgrim could no longer sustain himself. Faith, courage, devotion, deserted him, with his failing energies. He strove no longer with his destiny, he delivered himself up to despair and death. He fell upon one knee with drooping head, supporting himself by one quivering hand, and then, full of the anguish of baffled purposes and lost affections, raising his face and arm to heaven, thus to the elements he poured his passionate farewell.

"O life, once vainly deemed a gloomy toil, I feel thy sweetness now; farewell, O life, farewell my high resolves and proud conviction of almighty fame. My days, my short unprofitable days, melt into the past; and death, with which I struggle, horrible death, arrests me in this wilderness. O my sister, could thy voice, thy sweet voice but murmur in my ear one single sigh of love; could thine eye with its soft radiance but an instant blend with my dim fading vision, the pang were nothing. Farewell, Miriam! my heart is with thee by thy fountain's side. Fa-

tal blast, bear her my dying words, my blessing. And ye, too, friends, whose too neglected love I think of now, farewell! Farewell, my uncle, farewell, pleasant home, and Hamadan's serene and shadowy bowers! Farewell Jabaster, and the mighty lore of which thou wert the priest and I the pupil! Thy talisman throbs on my faithful heart. Green earth and golden sun, and all the beautiful and glorious sights ye fondly lavish on unthinking man, farewell, farewell! I die in the desert, 'tis bitter. No more, O! never more, the hopeful day shall break, and its fresh breeze rise on its cheering wings of health and joy. Heaven and earth, water and air, my chosen country, and my antique creed, farewell, farewell! And thou, too, city of my soul, I cannot name thee, unseen Jerusalem—"

Amid the roar of the wind, the bosom of the earth heaved and opened, swift columns of sand sprang up to the lurid sky, and hurried towards their victim. With the clang of universal chaos, impenetrable darkness descended on the desert.

PART V.

"Now our dreary way is o'er, now the desert's toil is past. Soon the river broadly flowing through its green and palmy banks, to our wearied limbs shall offer baths which caliphs cannot buy. Allah-illah, Allah-hu. Allah-illah, Allah-hu."

"Blessed the man who now may bear a relic from our prophet's tomb, blessed the man who now unfolds the treasures of a distant mart, jewels of the dusky east, and silks of farthest Samarcand." Allah-illah, Allah-hu. Allah-illah, Allah-hu."

"Him the sacred mosque shall greet with a reverence grave and low; him the busy Bezestien shall welcome with confiding smile. Holy merchant, now receive the double triumph of thy toil. Allah-illah, Allah-hu. Allah-illah, Allah-hu."

"The camel jibs, Abdallah! See, there is something in the track."

"By the holy stone, a dead man. Poor devil! One should never make a pilgrimage on foot. I hate your humble piety. Prick the beast and he will pass the corpse."

"The prophet preaches charity, Abdallah. He has favoured my enterprise, and I will practise his precept. See if he be utterly dead."

It was the Mecca caravan returning to Bagdad. The pilgrims were within a day's journey of the Euphratese, and welcomed their approach to fertile earth with a triumphant chorus. Far as the eye could reach, the long line of their straggling procession stretched across the wilderness, thousands of camels in strings, laden with bales of merchandise, and each company headed by an animal of superior size, leading, with tinkling bells, groups of horsemen, clusters of litters; all the pilgrims armed to their teeth, the van formed a strong division of Seljukian cavalry, and the rear protected by a Kourdish clan, who guaranteed the security of the pious travellers through their country.

Abdallah was the favourite slave of the charitable merchant Ali. In obedience to his master's orders, he unwillingly descended from his camel, and examined the body of the apparently lifeless Alroy.

"A Kourd, by his dress," exclaimed Abdallah, with a sneer, "what does he here?"

"It is not the face of a Kourd," replied Ali, "perchance a pilgrim from the mountains?"

"Whatever he may be, he is dead," answered the slave: "I doubt not an accursed Giaour."

"God is great," exclaimed Ali, "he breathes; the breast of the chieftain heaved."

"'Twas the wind," said Abdallah.

"'Twas the sigh of a human heart," answered Ali.

Several pilgrims who were on foot had now gathered round the group.

"I am a hakim," observed a dignified Armenian. "I will feel his pulse; 'tis dull, but it beats."

"There is but one God," exclaimed Ali.

"And Mohammed is his prophet," responded Abdallah. "You do not believe in him, you Armenian infidel."

"I am a hakim," replied the dignified Armenian. "Although an infidel, God has granted me skill to cure true believers. Worthy Ali, believe, the boy may yet live."

"Hakim, you shall count your own dirhems if he breathe in my divan in Bagdad," answered Ali; "I have taken a fancy to the boy. God has sent him to me. He shall carry my slippers."

"Give me a camel, and I will save his life,"

"We have none," said the servant.

"Walk, Abdallah," said the master.

"Is a true believer to walk to save the life of a Kourd? Master slipper-bearer shall answer for this, if there be any sweetness in the bastinado," murmured Abdallah.

The Armenian blooded Alroy; the blood flowed slowly but surely. The prince of the captivity opened his eyes.

"There is but one God!" exclaimed Ali.

"The evil eye fall on him!" muttered Abdallah.

The Armenian took a cordial from his vest, and poured it down his patient's throat. The blood flowed more freely.

"He will live, worthy merchant," said the physician.

"And Mohammed is his prophet," continued Ali.

"By the stone of Mecca, I believe it is a Jew," shouted Abdallah.

"The dog!" exclaimed Ali.

"Pah!" said a negro slave, drawing back with disgust.

"He will die," said the Christian physician; not even binding up the vein.

"And be damned," said Abdallah, jumping again on his camel.

The party rode on, the caravan proceeded. A Kourdish horseman galloped forward. He curbed his steed as he passed Alroy bleeding to death.

"What accursed slave has wounded one of my clan?"

The Kourd jumped off his horse, stripped off a slip of his blue shirt, stanched the wound, and carried the unhappy Alroy to the rear.

The desert ceased, the caravan entered upon a vast but fruitful plain. In the extreme distance might be detected a long undulating line of palm trees. The vanguard gave a shout, shook their tall lances in the air, and rattled their cimeters in rude chorus against their small round iron shields. All eyes sparkled, all hands were raised, all voices sounded, save those that were breathless from overpowering joy. After months wandering in the sultry wilderness they beheld the great Euphrates.

Broad, and fresh, and magnificent, and serene, the mighty waters rolled through the beautiful and fertile earth. A vital breeze rose from their bosom. Every being responded to their genial influence. The sick were cured, the desponding became sanguine, the healthy and light-hearted broke into shouts of laughter, jumped from their camels, and embraced the fragrant earth, or, wild in their renovated strength, galloped over the plain, and threw their wanton jerreeds in the air, as if to show their suffering and labour had not deprived them of that skill and strength, without which it were vain again to enter the haunts of their less adventurous brethren.

The caravan halted on the banks of the broad river glowing in the cool sunset. The camp was pitched, the plain glittered with tents. The camels falling on their knees, crouched in groups, the merchandize piled up in masses by their sides. The unharnessed horses rushed neighing about the plain, tossing their glad heads, and rolling in the unaccustomed pasture. Spreading their mats, and kneeling towards Mecca, the pilgrims performed their evening orisons. Never was thanksgiving more sincere. They arose; some rushed into the river, some lighted lamps, some pounded coffee. Troops of smiling villagers arrived with fresh provisions, eager to prey upon such light hearts and heavy purses. It was one of those occasions when the accustomed gravity of the orient disappears. Long through the night the sounds of music and the shouts of laughter were heard on the banks of that starry river, long through the night you might have listened with enchantment to the wild tales of the storier, or gazed with fascination on the wilder gestures of the dancing girls.

(To be continued.)

Poets Corner.

GEMS FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, oh Sea,
And would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister in play!
Oh well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, oh sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

A WIFE'S HEART.

Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear,
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here,
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.
Oh! what was love made for, if tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torment, thro' glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.
Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be 'mid the horrors of this!—
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, or save thee, or perish there too!

[Moore

THE NEEDED PRESENCE.

And peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above the frequent feudal towers,
Though green leaves lift their walls of gray
And many a rock which steeply lours,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er the vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing wants these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

[*Byron's Childe Harold.*

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BLAKELY'S AND THEIR PLOTS.

As the Blakelys and their plots form so much of the basis of our story, we are interested in so much of their history and aims as dovetail into the history of the D'Lacys, and relates to our principal characters. The downfall of the D'Lacy house, and the efforts of Sir Richard Courtney and his nephew, Walter, to re-build the fortunes of that family, the predicted sequel which the dark young Englishman made to Sir Herbert Blakely, in the presence of the revellers at Rome, and the fierce struggle between our hero, Sir Walter Templar, the Avenger, and Sir Herbert Blakely, the Supplanter, will constitute a leading subject of our narrative. Perhaps it will not be out of place, therefore, to take our readers back into the past again to give them a birds-eye view of the interval between the time we saw Herbert Blakely vanquished by D'Lacy in the pugilistic fray at Eton, and when we met him among the shy revellers at Rome, as Sir Herbert Blakely, some thirty years later.

In the history of the Supplanters we must touch the relations between the General and Lord Reginald, and bring out more fully the consummation of the Blakely plot to the ruin of the family of that generous, unsuspicious nobleman.

As we have seen, the mortgage left upon the estates by the father of young Reginald, amounted to the debt of two hundred thousand pounds; but in the course of years, (for the General was too masterly a plotter to hurry the issue) the interest which had not been taken into account, had increased the principal debt and compounded interest until it amounted to nearly half a million. It took Blakely several years of most masterly and high toned plotting to place the mortgage, as far as the interest went, upon the grounds of friendship and reciprocity of mutual obligations; but, even to the very consummation of the plot of the Supplanters Lord Reginald had not the slightest suspicion of the General's honor and fair dealing. Morally and in point of honor, all was right; but legally and in point of business, all was wrong. Had the matter stood between Sir Richard Courtney and his friend, Frederick D'Lacy, nothing could have been more straight or consistant with their true friendship; but the matter was between Lord Reginald, a man of a noble confiding nature, and General Blakely, an arch-plotter, who only assumed the holy garb of friendship to better accomplish his purpose and hide his real character—that of the Supplanter. Nor was the last act in the consummation of his deep laid scheme less masterly than any of the former. He brought with him a candidate into the field at an election, whom he knew was not only personally obnoxious to the D'Lacys, but who was politically on the other side. The General himself left D'Lacy's party, knowing that this would bring matters to a crisis; and to the unscrupulous Blakely one party was as good as another, so long as it helped his obnoxious ends. Moreover, with his usual subtility he, Iago-like, put a great deal of principle into his political metamorphosis. Villainy is never so securely encased in impenetrable armour, nor endowed with such Herculean prowess as when it wears the armour and fights with the weapons of the noble and good. Satan is never the Arch-Fiend in the superlative only when he appears in his character as Angel of Light.

For the first time D'Lacy began to realize that he was betrayed, although he dreamt not to how fearful an extent.—General Blakely contrived to work up strong, and at length bitter antagonism between himself and Lord Reginald's party, which he had deserted, thus preparing for the great blow against his noble patron; and entrenching himself and his treachery behind politics and the party whom he had joined.

On the other hand Lord Reginald set about clearing off the mortgage, and then he discovered, to his horror and dismay, that legally the debt against him had assumed the huge proportion of nearly half a million. He saw at a glance that the moral aspect of the affair would not bear a moment's looking at, and felt that he had been a victim of a deep laid plot from the beginning, which was substantiated by his son Frederick's relation of the fight at Eton and the threat of young Herbert Blakely. Lord Reginald was too proud to complain—too proud to advertise how he had been duped, and how unwise, in a business point of view, he had himself been in allowing the arch-plotter to so easily accomplish his ruin. The D'Lacy, therefore, accepted the issue without complaint, but with a broken heart, and died a few moments before the death of his son, Lord Frederick, a the mansion of Sir Richard Courtney.

But one of the last acts of the mortal life of Lord Reginald, and his son, Frederick, was a striking example of the high character and proud sense of family honor which gave the distinguishing feature of their race. They cut off the entail of their estates, so that they could be sold, if it came to the worst, to clear off their obligations to the Blakelys, but they refused to sell to the subtle mortgagee, but they offered a compromise to the Blakelys to place the estates into their hands until the mortgage was paid, and thus was transmitted to their heir the nominal ownership of their family inheritance. The Blakelys would have pressed the matter further had it not been that Sir Richard Courtney and his brother-in-law, Sir Edmund Templar, declared that they would purchase the D'Lacy estates themselves at any sacrifice.

The friends of the D'Lacys considered that General Blakely had basely betrayed his patron, but so much of a political character was given to the affair by the arch-plotter, that the party on the opposition, who had received the votes once in the gift of Lord Reginald, not only feigned blindness to unfair play, but for their own sakes defended him. The General had calculated the efficacy of self-interest, and found that he had not over estimated its virtue. Virtue! Aye virtue! Charity covers a multitude of sins, and *it* is a virtue. Go and encase in the self-interest of others, and it shall cover for you *ten multitudes* of loud clamoring sins.

After he became the possessor of the D'Lacy estates, until the term of their redemption from the accumulated mortgage, the General commanded half a dozen seats in the House of Commons, which he held in his gift through his immense wealth and large landed power, which he had now obtained in Wiltshire and Kent. No Parliamentary candidate could run against his nominees, where his wealth and landed power dominated, and as the General was insanely ambitious to found a family, he spared nothing to reach that issue. He lived up to the last farthing of of his vast income, derived from land holds in the two counties, money invested in stocks, and large property in India; yet he made every farthing tell in his grasp for political power and to raise his family among the aristocracy. In many other respects, however, he was miserly—a quality which showed his relationship to his father, the money-scraping clerk banker and usurer. Indeed there was no small portion of General Blakely's political power due to the fact that, in his way he was also a usurer, as we have seen in the case of D'Lacy. The General was ever ready to come to the help of men in pecuniary difficulties, providing always, that they had votes at their command. At first, after the advantage taken of Lord Reginald, men in embarrassment were shy of him, but this soon wore off, for after all, on the outside of the matter there was not, in a business view, much to complain of; moreover, farmers, tradesmen, and all who could command votes, and place them at his disposal in the two counties where he held power, found the General the most benevolent of money lenders, and the most generous of mortgagees. He was no trio in scheming, and no petty usurer. He wove the meshes of his nets with the strongest principles and the finest feelings and sentiments, and held as the doctrine of his life, that in liberal policy and schemes of benevolence, the very best investments were to be made. He made capital out of gratitude and devotion, and decided over and over again, that he had purchased more services, votes and political power by well-timed acts of help, loans and gifts, than he could by the most lavish bribery.

General Blakely was also a usurer in politics. He gave his party six votes which he commanded in the House of Commons, or more properly speaking, he lent them for a consideration. Every man has his price was the doctrine of the subtle Talleyrand, and the party which the General helped into the Ministry, knew his price—a baronetcy—and gave it to him. But no sooner had he obtained the object he had in view from boyhood, and which his father, the wealthy usurer had first pointed out, than he became melancholy and lost all interest in things generally. In gaining the object of life, he had lost the aiming for it, and from that point had no object for the future. His most extravagant ambition would not lead him to aim for more than the Baronetcy, and that he had won, and his last days were moody and melancholy. Perhaps, also, his treachery to the D'Lacys helped to make up his discontent, for it was one of the few acts which his sophistry could not justify. Even General Blakely was not all dross, and as we have seen, usually accomplished his deep laid plots by the best of means. Indeed the General often observed to the vindicative Herbert, who was always drinking gall from his defeat at Eton, that Lord Reginald was such a true gentleman, and he indebted to him so much that, did not the Blakelys need the D'Lacy's estates, he would not supplant them. There was no disagreement, however, between the father and son in their determination to hold what they had obtained, and one of the last charges of the General to Herbert was to leave no stone unturned to make the Blakelys the actual owners of the D'Lacy estates.

Soon after the death of his father, Sir Herbert attempted to force the sale of the estates. The General had once before pressed the mortgage upon the executor. Sir Richard Courtney had offered in favor of young Lord Frederick one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, if his guardian would relinquish the estates. Herbert considered this Quixotic

in his father, but the General would have made considerable sacrifice to cover what he knew was treachery to his generous patron, providing he obtained the entire ownership, for which he had so long plotted. Sir Richard Courtney would not compromise, and he and his wealthy brother-in-law, Sir Edmund Templar, still declared that they would redeem the mortgage, by involving their own estates, rather than allow the Blakelys to press the matter to such a consummation. The General, much enraged, gave up the point to bide the time when the D'Lacy should not be so powerfully backed. The time, he hoped, would sooner or later come, and he calculated much upon its probability. He instructed his son, in his very last charge on his death-bed, not to precipitate the issue, but to seize the most favorable opportunity and, at all cost and without scruple, secure the ownership of the estates to the Blakelys.

Such an opportunity soon offered through the death of Sir Edmund Templar, who left his son Walter to the sole guardianship of his uncle, Sir Richard.

This time Sir Herbert considered the game sure, and Sir Richard would have been compelled to have accepted the conditions proposed, had it not been for his impetuous nephew, young Sir Walter.

When lawyer Wortley again made the proposal to Sir Richard which had been once before made by General Blakely in person, the boy Sir Walter Templar, and young Lord Frederick D'Lacy were at school. Courtney wrote to the youths, informing them of the crisis, and also wrote to the Reverend Doctor Horn for a leave of absence for his wards.

Had Sir Walter Templar been moulded a military type of character, and been appointed by destiny to command armies, he would have won his battles with the rapidity of Napoleon. His volcanic nature would have forced victory by surprise, and the overwhelming velocity of his movements. No sooner was his design conceived than executed with all the intensity and forcefulness of his character. It was not in his nature to strike a light blow. He planted it with all his might, and his irresistible rapidity was bewildering to those who stood in his way. Cæsar's sublime egotism would have been appropriate in the mouth of Sir Walter Templar. "I came!—I saw! I conquered!"

"Fred, we shall be at Courtney House in the morning," said young Sir Walter, as his friend ended reading the letter to him. He had decided that point before the first half a dozen sentences were read, in which he gathered at a grasp the whole matter.

"That is impossible," replied young Lord Frederick. "We cannot start until the morning."

"We start to-night, Fred. My dear fellow, you can ride seventy miles for such a stake. I start to-night, Fred."

"Yes, I can ride the distance well enough, but we must stay till the morning, Walter."

"Not another hour, Fred. So let us don our riding clothes. We can obtain a pair of splendid hunters at the 'Coach and Horses.'"

"But it is now six in the evening. We cannot reach Courtney House without a change of horses."

"Which we shall obtain at Bath at the Golden Lion. Mathew Strong was coachman of my father, and for Walter Templar he will not grudgingly leave his bed. Beside we shall reach Bath before twelve."

"Doctor Horn will surely not consent to let us start to-night."

"We shall not ask his consent, Fred."

"Will it be proper to leave our kind master so churlishly, Walter?"

We would not, did I not know he would oppose our starting to-night, and as he will oppose us, I shall not ask his leave."

"Still I would sooner not offend the good man, Walter."

"So would I, Fred."

"Then let us stay till the morning."

"You make me angry, Fred, to talk so, when your family estates are under the hammer of the auctioneer."

"But your uncle, Sir Richard, will do all that can be done in the matter. What can we do, Walter, that he cannot accomplish?"

"What can we do, Frederick D'Lacy? Do you ask, what can Sir Walter Templar do in wrestling for his brother?" impetuously and proudly demanded the youth. "You have seen me in a wrestle, Fred, dash my antagonist to the earth? Thus will I dash the supplanter of your family to the ground,—aye, and stamp the life out of the villian, if he provokes me much more," said the boy fiercely.

There was something almost ferocious in Walter Templar's love and instincts of protection towards Fred, who was to him as a younger orphan brother left to an elder brother possessing power and a large inheritance. Walter had grown to arrogate a sort of a superior right even to Fred to battle for the D'Lacys, just as though he really had been Fred's elder brother. Indeed, the boy had come to the conclusion that, if anything, he possessed a higher right than even his uncle to act where his friend Fred was concerned. He had held an agreement with his uncle upon this point, to prove that between him and Fred's father, Sir Richard stood first, but between Walter Templar, the nephew of the father's friend, and Fred, the son of the uncle's friend, Walter Templar stood first. 'Twas the claim and argument of friendship. To Sir Richard of course it was allpowerful, and he approvingly gave up the point to his nephew.

"But what do you propose to do, Walter?" asked the young D'Lacy, as the groom of the "Coach and horses" saddled a pair of beautiful steeds, which, as usual with him in everything, he had *forced* from the landlord at a handsome price that could not be resisted.

"What do you propose, Walter? For the life of me I cannot imagine. What is it you *can* do?"

"I shall not tell you!"

"Now, that is unkind."

"No, Fred."

"Why wont you tell me?"

"Because you will oppose it."

"Will Sir Richard oppose it, Walter?"

"Most likely."

"Then you ought not to do it.

"There you see, I was not unkind, but only right in not telling you; for you are opposing without knowing. In this I *will* have my own way. So, to horse, Fred, and for Courtney House."

Fred mounted, laughingly observing: "As if Walter Templar did not always have his own way."

CHAPTER VIII.

CHECKMATED.

On the morning after the impetuous boy, Walter Templar, with young Lord Frederick, so abruptly left the academy of the Reverned Dr. Horn, and started for the counting house, Sir Richard was closeted with lawyer Wortley, the agent of Sir Herbert.

"My dear Sir Richard, you must acknowledge the terms are most generous. Well, well, I see you dont like the phrase: say in a business point of view most liberal. One hundred and fifty thousand pounds as the bonus! Positively a gift. Now, my dear Sir Richard, I did not say it was more than an act of moral justice to the D'Lacys."

"Lawyer Wortley, I beg you to remember that I understand the matter thoroughly," somewhat haughtily replied Sir Richard. "It is the necessity," he continued, "that we have to consider."

"Yes, yes; just so, Sir Richard. I thought you would see it in that light. Nothing could be clearer. You acknowledge the necessity, Sir Richard?"

"I observed, lawyer Wortley, that we had to consider the necessity of the transfer of the D'Lacy estate, with full ownership, to Sir Herbert Blakely. I will not condescend to treat the matter in view of the means by which the Blakelys obtained their present advantage, and will grant that if the estates must be sold, I would not, from my antipathy to the purchaser, deprive young Lord Frederick of so handsome a sum as you offer."

"Quite a fortune, Sir Richard, is it not? Of course no other purchaser would give it. The estates are mortgaged to their full value," put in the lawyer urging the issue, for upon his success was placed a handsome fee.

The servant brought in the morning letters which for a moment interrupted business between Sir Richard and the lawyer. Courtney had been trying to negotiate the transfer of the estates into the hands of his own bankers. One of the letters brought was the answer from the firm stating that the Company would be most happy to oblige Sir Richard; they had no doubt of its being a good investment, etc.; but could not, just at that moment, invest in the matter so large a sum. Such was the pith of the answer. The Baronet had tried, he considered, his last resource to save the estates of his dead friend.

"Well, Wortley," he said sadly, "you have us at an advantage; and I cannot clearly see an alternative."

"You accept the handsome offer, Sir Richard?" the lawyer asked eagerly. "I am very glad we have come to so amicable an understanding.

"Sir Richard Courtney will regret the offer of Sir Herbert Blakely!" And the boy Walter Templar, who had heard the last remarks of his uncle and the lawyer, strode proudly into the room.

"Good heavens! How very improper! Oh yes I see! Young Lord Frederick, of course! Yes, yes, quite excusable my dear Sir Richard!" interjected the lawyer bewildered by astonishment at the strong and haughty manner and speech of the boy.

For a moment Sir Richard frowned upon his nephew, but it gave place to a smile of approbation and welcome. He understood the character of Walter, and knew that his presuming to answer for him had not the most distant meaning of presumption or disrespect for himself, whom the impetuous boy venerated as a father. It was only a strong illustration of the strong forceful nature of Walter, who like a volcano threw out his lava tide without even anger against that which it consumed. Its internal force gave the fury of the external expression. According to its nature, the majestic lion is gentle when it roars; and the voice of thunder is a soft voice of the

mighty universe when it shakes the vault of heaven.

Sir Richard had himself implanted in the mind of his nephew the strong love which the boy entertained for the orphan son of his dead friend; and the most pleasing view which the noble baronet took was in contemplating in the person of his nephew and young Lord Frederick, what might be termed a metempsychosis of the friendship which had a pre-embodiment in himself and the beloved friend of his youth. In the great souled friendship which had grown up between his nephew and the orphan Fred, Sir Richard Courtney lived the past again; and, in the link of their substantiality, he could grasp the hand of his dead friend—his more than brother. This gave Courtney more satisfaction than anything in life, and though he doubtless would have been offended had his nephew presumed to answer for him in any other matter, in the D'Lacy case no expression which friendship gave could be too strong, and as he looked upon Walter where Fred was concerned, as the representative of what he had been to Fred's father, Walter answering for him, in his mind, was not unbecoming. It was simply abrupt and unexpected.

"My dear Walter, how could you arrive so soon? You could not have received my letter until last evening. But welcome, my dear boy, most heartily welcome," and Sir Richard shook the hand of his nephew with much satisfaction, evidently relieved by his presence. He had not the slightest idea, however, that the coming of Walter would make any material change; but, at such a time, the presence of his nephew was in harmony with the circumstances.

"You are surprised, uncle, to see us so soon. Fred accompanied me."

"Well, not exactly surprised, Walter, at anything from you. But when did you start?"

"The same hour we received your letter. We came horseback."

"Did not Dr. Hern object to your journey?"

"We did not ask him to object," replied the boy, naively, at which Sir Richard smiled, but observed:

"That was very wrong, Walter."

"We should have been too late, uncle."

"That is true my boy, and although it does seem improper, I cannot scold you for the offence."

"At least it has saved you, uncle, from breaking off a partial engagement."

"I fear not, Walter; but where is Fred?"

"With my mother and cousins. I prevented him from coming with me to you, until we had concluded business with Sir Herbert's agent."

"Why did you this? Lord Frederick should be here."

"He would have opposed me, uncle; and I *will* have my own way in this matter" the boy said strongly, and then continued smiling:

"It will be quite enough to have you on the opposition side of the house."

In the meantime, lawyer Wortley had been indulging in moral lessons of spoiled and wilful boys, and concluded that Courtney's nephew was the most objectionable of that type of any he had ever met.

"This is my nephew and ward, Sir Walter Templar; Mr. Wortley, Walter."

"Indeed," dryly observed the legal gentleman; "thought it had been young Lord Frederick."

"You are surprised, I perceived, that my nephew should have answered for me; but Sir Walter is a privileged individual in the cause of his young friend. Excuse his impetuosity. He has an intolerable objection to the estates passing from Lord Frederick. I own I have the same."

"They shall not pass from him, uncle," said the boy, as one immoveable, who held the power to prevent.

"My dear youth I think—yes I really must say that I think—" Wortley tried to express his astonishment and reproof, but feared to offend Sir Richard.

"I do not see, Walter, how we can prevent the transfer of the estates."

"But I do, uncle. You wrote to me a month ago that you had received offers from the Cornwall Mining Company for the purchase of the Templar mines in Cornwall."

"Yes, Walter. You know your father refused their offer before, and of course I did the same."

"I have resolved to sell those mines, uncle, and invest the capital in clearing the D'Lacy estate of this detested mortgage."

Lawyer Wortley looked extremely serious, and began to think that Sir Walter was something more than a spoiled self-willed boy. He was discovering that he was a character to be feared in the case.

"No, no, Walter; I cannot allow your sacrifice, even to save the estate of my dear friend," observed the uncle. "Those mines are the most valuable part of your inheritance. They are a princely fortune in themselves. Your father exhausted the bulk of the income of his life to work them, and it is only now that they are beginning to yield the returns. I have no doubt that they will give you a revenue of a hundred thousand per year."

Lawyer Wortley breathed again. He hoped Sir Richard would not permit the sacrifice.

"So much the better, uncle. They will yield the more now," urged the boy.

"It must not be, Walter."

"The sale will enable you to clear the estates, and have a large amount of capital on hand for some other investment. Then you know it will cut off but little of the Templar lands," persisted his nephew.

"But that will be the most valuable part, Walter. I know your father would not have allowed it, and I dare not, my dear boy."

"But my father left those mines to his son, and that son has determined to sell them," answered Walter, strongly.

"Were you of age, Walter, of course I could not object," said Sir Richard, half disposed to give up the point, yet daring not to make the sacrifice.

"Imagine, then, that I am of age, uncle."

"But you are not, my dear boy."

"Do you think I should act differently, Sir Richard?"

"No, Walter."

"I fear, uncle, I should reproach you when I am of age, if you allow the estates of Lord Frederick to pass into the hands of the spoiler."

"I should not deserve it, Walter," said Sir Richard, much pained, but not offended with his nephew for his strong effort to save his dead friends estates.

"Forgive me, uncle. I know you would not deserve it; but you will let me have my own way in this," he continued pleading. "Just imagine the case thus, uncle: Sir Walter Templar, being twenty-one years of age, authorizes Sir Richard Courtney to sell his mines in Cornwall."

"Well, my dear Walter, you have prevailed, and I fear much because I am on the same side. If the affair cannot be compromised, I will accept the offer of the Cornwall Mining Company."

"Oh, a thousand thanks, dear uncle," and Walter Templar felt a nobler triumph than that of a conquerer of an empire—it was a triumph of friendship, riches from the sacrifice proposed.

Oh that the world could but remain young, with all youth's generous impulses and self-sacrifice for love, friendship or a noble cause! Age is a disappointed alchemist, who transmutes much of the gold of human nature into baser metal. Well, it cannot be otherwise. The fall of man must be individualised and perpetuated in every age, to those who travel far towards the measured three score years and ten of man's life, for therein is the greater exaltation of the whole. "There is a soul of goodness in things evil." The metaphysical Shakespeare thus declared the subtle truth of the universe, which tells to us why evil is.

"You perceive, lawyer Wortley, how the case has shaped itself," observed the baronet to the agent of Sir Herbert.

"Yes, Sir Richard, very much surprised. I may say very much surprised. Very singular, indeed."

In the confusion of his ideas, the lawyer scarcely knew what he said, and had not clearly understood what Courtney had observed. He distinctly appreciated, however, that the issue which the boy Walter had shaped would cost him the loss of his best client, for Blakely would throw all the blame on his shoulders, as a lawyer, and he was trying to arrange his ideas for the next move, when Sir Richard addressed him.

"My nephew, sir, wishes me to sell the Templar Mines in Cornwall, and invest his capital in clearing the D'Lacy estate."

"But my dear Sir Richard, you know my client has not instructed me to negociate the matter."

"Let us deal plainly with each other, sir," continued the baronet. "I think your client has no desire to have the mortgage cleared off, for the revenue of the estates give him too handsom a fortune."

"I believe I may admit your point, Sir Richard," conceded the lawyer.

"On the other hand, I will admit that it is not my wish to consent to the sacrifice proposed by my nephew."

"Very right, Sir Richard. Decidedly too great a sacrifice to be seriously entertained," put in the agent, eagerly.

"Yet I have determined to entertain the sacrifice seriously, rather than allow the estates of Lord Frederick to pass out of his hands. We must compromise the matter, by Sir Herbert returning to his old ground, as the mortgagee, or I will sell the Templar Mines, and act as my nephew has proposed. You have, sir, our decision; and it now remains for Sir Herbert to make his."

The lawyer was most anxious to close the matter upon these terms, for it left him the advantage of having lost nothing, and his client still retained his hold as the mortgagee.

Sir Herbert and his lawyer had not hitherto, deemed even the existence of young Sir Walter Templar worthy a moments consideration. They had only known that his father died a year before, thus giving them the opportunity of pressing upon Sir Richard, unsupported by his rich brother-in-law; but they dreamt not that in the nephew of Courtney, and heir and only son of Sir Edmund, there had

arisen the greatest guard of the D'Lacy house. Thus had the offered sacrifice of the boy saved his friend's estates. Isaac is not the only sacrifice accepted unconsumed. Often, by laying ourselves upon the alter, do we call down the word of promise! We save by offered sacrifice that which we should lose by withholding!

Lawyer Wortley was taking leave of Sir Richard, and expressing admiration—a lawyer's admiration of the boy who checkmated him, when the impulsive youth again surprised him with—

"Tell your master, lawyer Wortley—"

"My client, my good youth—dear me, what a very singular young man, Sir Richard."

"Tell your client," continued the boy, "that if he ever attempts to take advantage of my friend again, it shall be for the last time. Tell him to look upon Walter Templar as the elder brother of Lord Frederick. Tell him that a day of reckoning will come! When Sir Walter Templar is a man he will meet Sir Herbert Blakely, and exact vengeance for the D'Lacy's!"

The boy delivered himself fiercely, in anticipation of that day of reckoning. Walter Templar's character was strength and an embodiment of volcanic force, and in battling against the supplanter of the D'Lacy's, his friendship will be ferocious to the enemy. We justify him not, but take him as he is.

CHAPTER IX.

Sir Herbert in his Den.

Sir Herbert Blakely was sitting in his "den," in the old castle of the D'Lacys, awaiting the arrival of his lawyer, whom he expected that evening. Not that his "den" was by any means an uncomfortable one; for the appartment was commodious and luxuriously inviting, just suited for a gentleman's retreat. It was reached by a private avenue, which ingeniously concealed a secret entrance to the castle, the avenue being in fact a well contrived labryinth of fir trees. A small oaken door, which opened with a strong secret spring, concealed a flight of stone stairs, leading to a lofty corridor, which communicated with a *suite* of luxurious appartments. This part of the castle had no public connection with the main building, but could be entered by spring pannels in the family portrait gallery, known only to the master and as many as he chose to entrust the secret entrance to. This wing of the castle was built by a recluse of the D'Lacy family, but since it came into the hands of Sir Herbert Blakely, it had been appropriated for purposes suited to the character of its owner. Villainy, dissipation, and the ruin of many a fair one, that secret *suite* of luxurious appartments was familiar with, during the reign of Sir Herbert Blakely over the D'Lacy domains. The room in which Sir Herbert awaited the arrival of lawyer Wortley had been named by Snap, the *valet*, as Sir Herbert's "den."

"So, so!" exclaimed Blakely, after again reading his lawyer's letter, which he could not exactly make out, yet which on the whole appeared exceedingly satisfactory. "So, so," he repeated as he drank the last glass of his second bottle; for he drank deeply.

"Courtney acknowledges the necessity of closing with my offer. He owns the necessity at last, does he? By heaven! Wortley, your letter brings to my revenge a cup of nectar. How the haughty Courtney must have been tortured by this necessity, my cunning little limb of the law, before he acknowledged it to you. By all that's wicked, I never could make out the friendship of those two men, whom I most hated. Either one of them would have beggared himself for the other. Ha ha! but Courtney without Sir Edmund Templar could not save the D'Lacy inheritance, even by beggaring himself. By my favorite Bacchus, my jolity deity of this sparkling nectar, my revenge on Courtney is almost as sweet as my triumph over him who disgraced me at Eton. Curse them both!"

Sir Herbert broke his third bottle of wine, as he soliloquized. His curse upon the dead Lord Frederick, strongly showed his low vindictive spirit, and how deeply still rankled in his memory his defeat at school.

"By the fiend, Wortley is a laggard. He should have been here by this. I almost wish I had forced the sale of the estates, without the offer of the hundred and fifty thousand. My father—my politic sire, who was a match for most men, was a fool in the D'Lacy affair—a Quixotic fool ever to offer the *bonus*. My cup is two sweetly mixed for the D'Lacy lips, and not sweet though for mine. A hundred and fifty thousand pounds! Why the Norman beggar will possess a handsome fortune, and of my giving. I shall have transformed the beggar into a rich man. Am I not forgiving? Am I not kind to half rebuild the D'Lacy ruins. By Satan! I half repent my offer. Where can that tardy villian of a lawyer be?"

He rang the bell furiously, which communicated with another of the secret appartments of the castle. In a moment his *valet* appeared.

"Snap, you villainous, ugly-visaged rascal, has'nt that infernal lawyer arrived? Your father gave thee a phiz, Snap, which would have brought any honest man's son to the gallows before now. I never saw such a hang-gallows face as yours in my life, Snap. Has not that infernal Wortley arrived, I say. I swear, Snap, I think you have only escaped hanging by being more villanious looking than either the hangman or his gallows."

"You flatter me, Sir Herbert," meekly replied his valet, who seemed to receive his master's words rather as a compliment than an offence.

"I compliment you! Well, that's rich. You are such a genuine rascal, Snap, that I belive I almost admire you. You would say your prayers before committing a murder, and return thanks after you had got through the job."

"You flatter me, Sir Herbert;" again meekly came from the admirable Snap.

"Upon my soul, I believe I do. You have so much of Beelzebub in your composition that you take it as a compliment to be told so. I beheve you would never forgive a master who did not appreciate your excellent qualities for villainy."

"I never should, Sir Herbert," the *valet* replied, much more emphatically than he was in the habit of speaking.

In fact Snap was a study. His master's portraiture of his character, provoked by his impatience for the arrival of lawyer Wortley, was correct. Sir Herbert did not paint him from a metaphysical intuition of character, but from matter-of-fact and his practical knowledge of the man. Snap was a most genuine villain, and as villainous looking as his master had described him. He never could have been genuine in anything but villainy, and in that, to beg a strong touch, he was most conscientious.

His master often required his services. He will need him in the future and we shall meet him again.

Snap was retiring from the presence of his master with his peculiar slow, soft step, which would suggest to one the fancy that he was just the very man to "put salt on the bird's tail" to catch it. Sir Herbert had often admired the insinuating mannerism and soft movements of his *valet*, who seemed so very tender lest he frightened the air through which he moved. He never startled his prey as he approached it, and in spite of his villainous face, the rogue had much facinating power. But his soft, slow retreat was now out of time with his masters irritation.

"Snap, you unmannerly scoundrel!"

"Yes, Sir Herbert."

"Who dismissed you, sir?"

"I imagined your silence, after you addressed me, expressed your wish."

"Who gave you the right to imagine my wish, you presumptuous rogue?"

"You, Sir Herbert, both to anticipate your wish and execute it."

"Well, well, Snap; but you provoked me with that slow, soft way of yours, when I am on wires of impatience for the arrival of that villain of a lawyer."

"You have often commended that slow, soft manner, Sir Herbert."

"There you are again. Curse you and Wortley both, you weasen faced rascals. You would have made capital twins. Ever as slow and slimy as snails, and always meeting obstacles."

"I gehefally surmount mine, Sir Herbert," said the rascal, with a quiet chuckle of self-satisfaction.

"That's true, Snap. But like the lawyer, you go such an infernally roundabout way."

"I have ever found it the only way when the path is crooked. Are you not too impatient with lawyer Wortley? He was to arrive at eight. By the clock there, Sir Herbert, you may perceive it lacks just a quarter to eight."

"Well, well; I acknowledge you are right as usual, you cunning, observant rogue."

"Hark! there is the signal of the lawyers arrival."

"I did not hear it."

"I am certain the bell rung in my room, Sir Herbert. There again, and this little impatient. 'Tis a cold, wet night, and even Wortley is impatient."

"Let him in directly, Snap. Don't allow him to enter your room. I know Wortley; he would dry himself, wheedle you for a glass of brandy, and come to me in a quarter of an hour sleek and prepared, like a true lawyer, with his notes arranged. Bring him at once, Snap, though he should be drenched to the skin like a rat."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Household Recipes.

A Good Receipt for Table Pikkin.—To four pounds of oatmeal, one pound of butter, four pounds of treacle, one ounce of ginger, one ounce of sweet pepper (or Jamaica pepper), one ounce of caraway seeds, two tea-spoonfuls of carbonate of soda, mixed very smooth in a cup of milk; the butter must be well rubbed into the oatmeal, and the treacle warmed. This will answer the expectation of all who may give it a trial.

A Very Excellent and Cheap Cake.—Two pounds and a half of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, half a pound of currants, or quarter of a pound of raisins, quarter of a pound of candied peel, two ounces of caraway seeds, half an ounce of ground cinnamon, or ginger, four teaspoonfuls of carbonate of soda; mixed well, with rather better than a pint of new milk. The butter must be well melted previous to being mixed with the ingredients.

IMMORTALITY OF SCIENCE AND ART.

In our first number, under the heading of "Our Title," we tried to show that society has, from its earliest stages, been making progress towards a great "culminating civilization," in which all the previous efforts of society will be merged and displayed.

We may have left the impression, in the minds of some, that we suppose, when that point is reached, perfection will be so far obtained, that thenceforth, humanity will float smoothly on a glittering, but unruffled sea of perfection,—a tide of progress arrived at its high water mark.

This, however, is not what we wish to convey to the minds of our readers. By the words "culminating civilization," as used in the article referred to, we wish to be understood relatively—a culminating civilization, only, in reference to the past. In our estimation there can be no culmination to the eternal series of progressive attainments of which intelligence is capable. There can be no culmination to man's course, or to the efforts of undying divinity that exists within him. Created, as man is, perfectly destitute of any inward sense of the possibility of death, or limit to his being, or powers, man's soul, long ere now, would have aspired to comprehend the universe of truth had not priestcraft—always terrified at the extent of his nature—held him back by warnings of the wrath of the very God whose awakening he feels and of whose unlimited ambitions all its whole being is the counterpart. Let but that spell be broken, and the fact, of the divine and eternal nature of man, be fully accepted in its stead, and under its inspiring influence, the culminating civilization of which we have spoken—come when it may—with all its gloriously combined results of the efforts of all previous ages, will prove but the lowest stage of a great new series, in connection with which mankind will travel as much higher still.

Such are our views of the future of society. With us, man is viewed as an unlimited being, existing in an unlimited universe, surrounded unlimitedly with objects for his scrutiny and comprehension,—a deathless universe to be explored,—a deathless soul within him to explore it! No sense of limit to his capabilities within his soul; no evidence that there can ever be a time when there will be nothing more to learn indicated in the universe without. As it should be, man finds himself fitted in character to the universe in which he exists. Were he limited in his capabilities, or the universe in its resources, there would be a lack of fitness in the nature of things. As to intelligence, in the abstract, we cannot conceive of intelligence, but, as deathless ever progressing intelligence, without path. Supposing intelligence to be created—which we by no means affirm—for God to awaken into existence such intelligence as we possess, while it is in the least degree possible, that there can be any decay or limit to its active career, would amount to his creating the strong instincts of life to face the horrifying prospect of their own dissolution; thus, constituting himself, Creator and Destroyer of life and pleasure in the same act! But this never can be true! When the meanest promptings or wants of our physical being find themselves, without exception, elaborately supplied in the grand provisions of nature; the mightiest, the most intensified yearnings of our spirits, cannot, alone, be created for disappointment. The yearnings for endless life and progress, existing within us, must be true indications of the future that await us, or the million-fold evidences that exist of the invariable presence of such desires in the human soul, would be so many evidences that the God of nature has lent himself, to convey a false anticipation to every heart, and to bear witness to a lie in every bosom. Inasmuch as Nature—as heard speaking in the hearts of the good and the wise of all ages—cannot lie, the future of our race can only be truly read in the light of the boundless yearnings for knowledge that exist within us, side by side with the immensity of wisdom evidently for us to learn. Science and art, then, with us, can but have begun their day! As boundless and unexplorable as the Universe itself, must be the sciences, that will in due order be sought out by the untiring energies of unclouded humanity. Give man only the same amount of progress he even now can make; assume his slowest rate of growth, and give him, but ALL ETERNITY for his day of operations, and you have constituted him, comparatively, a God at once! A greater deity in the future, anyway, than our highest imaginations can conceive or language can convey. Assume then, better, and still better, conditions for his progress than now exist—as well we may—and the same eternal period for his development, and where have you prospectively landed him? And with him, where have you predicted the position of the race to which he belongs? In the very heart, if heart there be, to the infinite circle of the Divine Sciences of creative and beautifying power! Where the Great Universe is found yielding up its secrets one by one to his determined will; where ceaseless ages in their periods, come but to pour new tides of strength into his being, and open wide, and still wider doors, through which his enlarged vision may gaze astonished upon the majestic infinitudes of undiscovered science still without.

But, let us now come back to our own time—to the simplicities of to-day; what shall we say of them? This, that distant and immense as are the leadings of the road that will yet be traveled by mankind, we are on that road to-day, or on paths that lead to it. Immortal, expansive and divine, as necessarily will be the sciences that will in due time reveal themselves, the simplest truths mankind have already made their own, are as immortal and divine as any that ever will be reached. All truths form but so many strata of a boundless series supporting, overlaying and interlocking each other and forming one grand and indissoluble whole. To be connected to any one truth, therefore, is to be in a sense connected to the whole, for the whole is then within our reach. We have, consequently, in any truth, we have ever learned, one end of a thread running through all the facts of universal life; and by following which, we may explore unlimitedly, the chambers of the palace of immensity. What we gain, therefore, in conceptive, inventive, or creative strength, to-day, however limited in extent it may be, is so much gained of the immensity of wisdom and capacity, which creates worlds and harmonizes universes. Even in all the small accomplishments that lie between the creation of a table, to the invention of a telegraph wire, we grasp faculties of Deity. Small as the draught may be, we drink of the same "stream which makes glad the city of our God." However close to the shore, as yet, we sail, we are on an unlimited sea on whose boundless waters the revealing light of truth never sets,—as much on the sea, as archangels, or celestial beings of any order, who, eternal ages hence, left the shore, and turned their exploring eyes towards the exhaustless, but not incomprehensible mysteries ahead.

So much, then, allow us to assert, for the oneness of the truths we know, with the truths that ever have

or ever will be known. As to the fitness of our nature for the deepest researches into the mighty volumes of undiscovered truth, we have the continual witness with us. We seem like a mine of jewelled thoughts when once the vein is struck, and such a mine, in fact, we are, for deity is hid within us waiting to be developed, while, on every hand outside, a living, palpitating universe of inspiration exists, waiting to take hold upon us, and connect our intelligence with the immensity of wisdom without. Then the Divine within our nature, answering to the Divine whisperings without, like blaze answering to blaze, gladdens again! Like a mirror answers to the glances of the sun, and forms one radiant glory with the messengers of light, so unlike inspiration, glancing on any polished quality of our souls, wakens a glory there, and in that faculty of our being God is revealed. Thus we draw nigh to Him, and whether we seek to appropriate to ourselves his wisdom, manifested, in artistic, scientific, or so called sacred truths, He is always there answering to every call of our being for light or truth. Thus through eternal ages must it ever be, a boundless infinitude of truth ever present to answer the utmost requisitions of our infinite souls. Endless unfoldings of art and science, and still higher developments of social and sacred truths must, therefore, needs take place; and endlessly our race must rise, from "culminating civilization" to "culminating civilization," and that without end. H.

LITERARY REVIEW.

DRAMATIC AND NOVEL LITERATURE.

Modern novels and the modern drama will rank on a par. They hold about the same relative position in the domains of literature. Indeed, a vast quantity of novelettes and modern theatrical *pieces* cannot, without a violent strain, be classified in the catalogue of literary works. They are altogether unworthy of the dignified name of literature, and they bear the same low comparison with high class damatic and novel writing. It is true there have been many chaste and excellent dramas, and many classical novels from the pens of accomplished writers of modern celebrity which most deservingly rank as works of art. Such, though they form a new school of literature, are closely related to the high class drama and novel of the old school. As we have said before, works of rare quality of the new school are as legitimate as productions of art of the old school. Literature is essentially the same in all ages, and art is eminently art in every variety of its transformations. It may change its forms and phases—its character may be, heavy or light, constituting different schools of authorship, but from the earliest to the latest legitimate writers, it carries the elements of art, and is worthy of its dignified title—LITERATURE—in every age and in every school. Works of art will class in a common family relationship, and it is just as consistent to speak of domestic plays of excellent quality, belonging to the new school, as the legitimate drama, as to speak of the legitimate drama of the old school. In our theatrical reviews we shall aim to draw the distinctive features, as well as the general resemblance between the old classical drama and the new legitimate drama, with portraitures of natural *astistes* and portraitures of that class of whom Hamlet said, "O, there be players that I have seen,—and heard others praise and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that neither having accent of christians nor the gait of christians, pagan nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably."

What is illustrated in dramatic literature, is also illustrated in novel literature. The critical reviewer will always find that the one will strongly resemble the other. If chaste and classical plays obtain public favor, there will be a corresponding demand for chaste and classical novels, and if the sensational and trashy be popular in dramatic literature, it will also be in novel literature.

We are certainly living in a more intellectual and reading age than any preceeding one, and yet the trashy and sensational in the drama and in the novel are the most taking and popular. A birds-eye view of the reasons of this may be interesting.

In the first place, the great peculiarity of this age is seen in the voracious appetite of everybody for excitement and sensational effects. The public could never endure, now-a-day, to travel by stage coaches, and the good old rumbling road wagons, of good old slow rumbling times, would be most intolerable. The big palpitating world, which has fever on the brain, and the pulses of which beat about six hundred to the minute would die of *ennui*, if put into a road wagon to perform a days journey. We must dash along on the new highways of iron, that everywhere intersect each other in modern times. The "snorting horse" must respond in loud breathing to our respiration, and sixty miles an hour must be the speed of our locomotion, to give to our pulsation its regular time. If the steam engine be not exceedingly feverish and excitingly rapid, we ourselves get feverish and impatient. We only live in the railroad car, when the excited atmosphere through which we madly dash, brushes our heads into mops of tangled locks, and sift peaks of small gravel in our face. There we live—then we are calm—then everything around is feverish but ourselves. The homeopathic principle becomes applied. The fever of the engine draws out our fever—the excitement of the mad cars makes us serene and sane. Could the public travel on the electric telegraph, they would make a tour round the world to-morrow to calm their nerves and pass away a leisure half hour. Again, who cares in this mad sensational age which consumes our finer feelings, about reading of a battle where there are only a few thousand slain. It would not be enough to give zest to our breakfast. Ten thousand would help our digestion—twenty thousand cut to pieces would make our coffee lucious, fifty thousand smashed to atoms would make our morning's meal delightfully refreshing, and fit us for a comfortable days labor. Pshaw! the crusades were only babys in warfare. The world, now-a-day, could not endure to fight in steel armor. Every sword stroke must cleave a man to the chin, and the more destructive our instruments of war can be made, the nearer we live up to the sensation of the age. What an exhilirating entertainment it would be to witness some daring rider leap into the saddle of the Niagara Falls. If he hurt himself in the leap, which of course he would, we should *encore* him to do it over again. This reminds us of the *encore*, which the public gave in our theatre to the Sepoy, who made his ascent from the cannons mouth. 'Twould have added to the sensational effect if he had joined his pieces together when he came down, and been blown up again before an admiring audience. Here was a proof that we in Salt Lake City are akin to other people. We are living in the last days, so it is said. Now, if the world would only have the good taste to go off

with spirit, like the bursting of a barrel of gunpowder, perhaps we should get enough sensation to live during the interval of the explosion to the going out of our last spark.

It is this sensational element of modern times, which forms the distinctive character of our dramatic and novel literature, and makes up the body of newspaper writing. Every author aims for sensation, every theatrical manager enlists it into his service, and every actor tries to be to the public a sensation battery. But as the sensation element requires such nice handling to be good, the result is, the public gets treated to the most excruciating sensation novels and plays.

We must not tire the reader with our metaphysics of literature, but shall return to our subject in another number. T.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

The season opened on Saturday with Massinger's strong old English play—"A New Way to Pay Old Debts." This is the first time a Sir Giles Overreach has ever trod the boards in Salt Lake City; and, until Saturday evening, a large portion of the audience never witnessed the performance of that celebrated play. This is also the case with the best dramatic compositions in the English language.

The management of our theatre has an uncommon opportunity for the selection of their programmes from that extensive catalogue of choice dramatic literature. In England and the States, where that catalogue of first class plays has been drawn upon for generations, managers find it necessary to give the public occasionally something new, at the expense of good quality; but here our management can select from the list of best plays in the English language for years, and still give the public *new* programmes. The critic has also the same uncommon opportunity; and we shall review them, when put upon the stage, as though they were *new* from their authors' pens, and had never been reviewed before by abler pens than ours.

"A New Way To Pay Old Debts" is a fine illustrative specimen of the legitimate drama. Its caste consists in strongly marked character, and moral and metaphysical portraitures and effects.

Sir Giles Overreach is a strong, harsh conception of a very natural though repugnant character. You are struck at once, and struck as with a sledge-hammer, with the fact that Sir Giles is a real personality, and not an extravagant ideal of the author's brain. Such characters can be found by the thousands, though rarely found in so strong a caste, and in making Sir Giles thus strongly marked; perhaps as strongly marked as possible to be natural, the author has reached his triumph.

The metaphysics of Sir Giles consist in a harsh, indomitable will, ambition in its grosser qualities, a capacity fertile with plots, a consciousness of self-power to carry out his purposes, a remorseless instinct to crush everything in his path, and a tiger ferocity for his prey. Crowning this, is his semi-savage desire to found a family, which seem to be so natural with strong indomitable characters of the half barbaric type. How strongly marked, for example, was this in those semi-barbaric Norman conquerors of the Saxons, who gave to England the founders of its aristocracy.

To have his daughter "Right Honorable," and to dandle a grandson lord upon his knee, Sir Giles would have periled his soul a thousand times, and ruined a host of noble families, to heap their wealth and lands upon a titled son of his "Right Honorable" daughter. Another very marked feature of his character is a remorseless disregard of consequences to himself, and an atheistic indifference to his here or hereafter, so long as he reached the idol object of his life.

The whole cast of Massinger's play is crowded with characters. Scarcely a personage is brought out but is a distinct individuality. In "Well-born," we have a type of the Don Cæsar DeBazan family; Justice Greedy is a personality; Sir Giles' legal tool a representative of pettifoggers, with a moral—the lesson that tools always cut their masters' hands; even the book is a quaint character of olden times, and Lady Allworth, a noble dame who cherishes the memory of a noble husband dead, does and says good things, and at last shows herself very much a woman, by giving her widowed hand to the popular Lord Lovell, he being irresistibly noble, like her cherished and lamented dead one.

A brother critic, in reviewing last Saturday evening's performance, honors Massinger with the following:

"The play itself is an old English favorite; but we like many others much better. It is good, however, as an illustration of the fanatical fancy for a name that haunts too many folks of Overreach descent, and not at all an unprofitable expose of a past generation."

The admission, that "A New Way To Pay Old Debts," is an "old English favorite," does not fit with the connection. It is an old English favorite of several generations, both in England and America, and that is significant enough. The play is not "played out," and need not the sufferance of being "good, however, as an illustration of a fanatical fancy" of a past age. Sir Giles is a character of the present, as well as the past. Even now, he is almost unchanged, and his money power is, as when Massinger wrote, only so much means to make Right Honorable daughters, and grandson lords to dandle upon his knee. And when he is not seen overreaching for aristocracy, he is climbing the ladder of the moneycracy, the most powerful class of the age, or aiming for seats and dominant sway in houses more potent than is now the English House of Peers.

The "fanatical fancy" for a name will "haunt too many folks" of other ages of the "Overreach descent." To review the play as "not an unprofitable expose of a past generation," is very elaborate for critical literature. Perhaps our critic, by the term "expose," intends a different meaning than it will carry to the public understanding. He may mean that it is an exposition of a past generation—a bringing before us of a dramatic portrait gallery of characters, who lived and moved in a bygone age. One of the masterpieces of great dramatic authors is to send down to other times portraitures of their own. In ten generations hence, those representative plays which may be distinguished as dramatic portrait galleries of their times, will still survive. The world will be pleased to know what the world was and how it looked when Massinger lived and Shakspeare wrote.

The principal plot and counterplot, are held between Sir Giles Overreach, his nephew Wellborn and Lady Allworth, the three principal characters of the play. It has also a minor counterplot, in which Master Allworth and Margaret Overreach are the principals, but we have not space to elaborate on the plots, moral and action of the piece, and will leave it for a second review.

Mr. T. A. Lyne made a very orthodox Sir Giles Overreach. Wherever there is required great physical power, and that kind of metaphysical power derived from physical weight, as well as robust mentality, there Mr. Lyne ever has and ever will to the last, most shine. One need not to have seen him in his youth to affirm this, as constituting his predominant speciality as an actor, and to select the *role* of plays most suited to his *forte*. Mr. McKenzie played becoming a public favorite. Mrs. Gibson was very happy; and Mr. Simmonds ever will be interesting in such parts as Master Allworth. We are delighted to find that he has not retired from the stage, for though he does not aim to be a "star," there is no one yet in the Association to take his place.

More special remarks upon the performance, we will defer until after "A New Way To Pay Old Debts" shall have filled the House a second time, to show the public a thing well done.

ALPHA.

ANTAGONISM.

It used to be the special delight of our boyhood, to hear Buckstone, the actor, repeat an old joke in one of his characters, in which he was wont to exclaim to his supposed friend, "Tom, I love you! and if you say I don't love you, I'll knock you down!" Equally funny to us, is the attitude of one or two persons we know, who have expressed their determination never to believe we love them, till we *do* knock them down. To these parties, everything we say or write is meant for an attack on some pet notion of their own, and if it is not an attack they think it ought to be. We shall be in antagonism to somebody if they can bring it about. Happily the thing is hard to accomplish. If we know ourselves, we love this people; for the sake of helping to establish with them a good and great community, we broke up the dearest associations of life, and have endured years of poverty. We have paid too dear for our association with them to have it talked away, or broken in upon by any gossiping tongue.

As to our articles, we feel strongly and write strongly, but not in the spirit of antagonism. Our worst side, we hope, is to the weather; we wish to speak openly and honestly our views, but in the spirit of opposition, never.

THE ODDITIES AND HUMBUGS OF LIFE.

BY QUIZ.

"THE PUBLIC WANT."
(Continued.)

No one need be surprised that I found editors willing to shed their last drop (of ink) in special aid of the want so "long felt in *this* department," and which a special providence, with an eye to the general glory of the univese, had undoubtedly raised them up to meet when all our public institutions are based on an intense appreciation of some "great public wants." Railways are built, canals are dug, docks are laid out, to meet a great public want, at least that is all they are ever built for, according to the prospectuses. The shareholders, of course "want" nothing. The directors "want" nothing. The printer who gets up the prospectuses "wants" nothing. "A public want" has swallowed up their souls and left them ready to die as directors on fifty dollars a day, or to languish out their existence in the painful reception of two hundred per cent. premiums. That the public may have its railways, its canals, or its dock, they are willing to receive any dividend, however heavy, or fill any sinecure, however useless. These facts are, or ought to be, a weighty rebuke to the arguers of the degeneracy of our species.

In further proof yet of the general tendency towards spontaneous benevolence, on the part of the prime movers in big things generally in the world, we cannot pass along without including in the list members of Parliament, or Congress, Prime Ministers and Presidents. Was there ever one of these public martyrs to legislative honors that would ever have taken upon himself public distinction, "naturally so distasteful to him," but for "a deep sense of the requirements of his country." See how reluctantly they all go into office, and see how gladly they all leave it! The hope of retiring from public life some day, is the only thing that supports them in their sufferings. The only reason why they do not all go into retirement at once, is because they don't wish to destroy its chastity by taking their unworthy natures there too soon.

If there be not enough reckless benevolence in the various Parliaments, Congresses and Diets, to save society, we have the military world to fall back upon. The number of immortal men, in every land, who, from time immemorial, have endured military rank solely and entirely to save their country, and without the slightest reference to any honor or dignity to be obtained thereby, proves how alarmingly united mankind are on this question. Don't they die all the time for "glory?" and don't *that* always mean their country's and not their own? Did any one ever die for a Colonelcy or a Major-Generalship, never! The united histories of the world connot prove such a case.

These multiplied evidences then, from the schoolmaster to the legislator, of the disposition of the world generally to throw itself away, and use itself up, in the meeting of "public wants," has gone far to convince Quiz that luckily he has found his way on to one of the purest minded of worlds ever destined to practice on benevolent principles; and to such an extent is he impressed with its self-sacrificing spirit, that he is convinced that nothing would ever have induced it to become a world at all, but the necessity it felt under of meeting some "great public want," long felt in its portion of the universe.

Notes of the Week.

STAND BY TO DODGE.—*Dear Editors Peep O' Day:*—Several of your friends have assailed your unworthy servant and most humble contributor, with imperative demands that on the peril of his immortal boots he forthwith publish a three page article, containing a list of all the names of the persons or "institutions" he has, or ever means, to quiz during the term of their respective subscriptions.

Fifteen young ladies, owning "hat and plumes," wont stir a peg till they know whose particular hat and plumes were referred to in "No. 2." Six and twenty persons, owning bull dogs or other canine angels, intend to sue him before the next District Court for defamation of character. Four proprietors of "magnificent structures, fast approaching completion," are aroused, and sixteen masons know for a certainty it is they who laid at "least two bricks yesterday;" and in their wrath they intimate, that somebody they know may get "laid" as well as the bricks, if he aint smart. In all these troubles, the only friends who stand by him are the "two editors," who swear, go where he will, he shall never want a —— dinner, seeing that he immortalized theirs!

Your contributor feels it hard to be thus martyred in the public cause; he is certainly comforted by the prospect of the dinner, but he cannot bring up a family upon that! What he asks for is an increase of salary and a loan of six policemen, to protect him on his rounds, if you should happen to have such a thing about you.

The only other consolation to his anguished feelings that can be offered, will be, he thinks, to allow the following appeal to reach the public eye:

He wishes to inform his large circle of friends that he only quizzes the distinguished of society; if any body, therefore, gets quized, it is because they are distinguished. (See the goak!)

Having thus, as it appears to him, made things comfortable all round, he will begin again, and relying on the six policemen, whom he trusts will never leave him—except at meal times, when they can all go home—he will make his usual investigations and report to the public as before. All that he wants is the privilege of showing somebody or something up. Nothing he thinks could be more reasonable. As he has a young and tender family to support, he trusts no kind hearted person will object being quizzed; if they do, he can only beg them, in the language of the venerable Dow, to "Stand by to Dodge."

A NEW WAY TO RAISE STOCK.—Get the following act passed:

Be it enacted by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah, that after the passage of this act, all cattle found trespassing on any persons lot, shall become the property of the person on whose ground they are found.

If this act gets passed many of us that now have nothing beyond gardens and corn stacks, will soon have a nice comfortable lot of cattle of our own! I know somebody's cow that will soon become mine anyway; and I have my eye, too, on a beautiful young calf that I fed all last winter!

A RECEIPT FOR A SERMON.—Spend the first half of your time in asserting you have nothing to say, and then take up the latter half in saying it.

A VULGAR mason who has got immensely rich by the recent demolitions in Paris, was anxious to marry his only son to one of the daughters of the Marquis de ——. He asked the Marquis:

"I wish you'd let my son marry one of your girls."

"Certainly. Which does he want: the girl that waits in the kitchen, or the girl that washes?"

"THE STUDENT."

A TALE OF GERMAN BROTHERHOOD.

Among my acquaintances in Gottingen, were two students, both Prussians, and both from the same small town of Magdebourg. They had been schoolfellows, and came together to the university, where they lived together on terms of brotherly affection, which even there, where friendship takes all the semblance of a sacred compact, were the subject of remark. Never were two men less alike, however, than these. Eisendecker was a bold, hot-headed fellow, fond of all the riotous excesses of a Burschen life; his face, seamed with many a scar, declared him a "hahn," as, in student phrase, a confirmed duellist is termed. He was ever foremost in each scheme of wild adventure, and continually brought up before the senate, on some charge of insubordination. Von Muhry, his companion, was exactly the opposite. His *sobriquet*—for nearly every student had one—was "der Zahme—the gentle;" and never was any more appropriate. His disposition was mildness itself; almost girlish in his look; with large blue eyes and fine, soft, silky hair, which, German-like, he wore long upon his neck. His voice—the index of his nature—soft, low, and musical, would have predisposed you at once in his favor. Still, these disparities did not prevent the attachment of the two youths; on the contrary, they seemed rather to strengthen the bond between them—each, as it were, supplying to the other the qualities which nature had denied him. They were never separate in lecture-room, or at home, or in the allee—as the promenade was called—or in the garden, where, each evening, the students resorted to sup, and listen to the music of the Jager band. Eisendecker and Muhry were names that no one ever heard separated; and when one appeared, the other was never more than a few yards off.

Such was their friendship, when an unhappy incident occurred to trouble its even course, and sow dissension between these, who never had known a passing difference in their lives. The sub-rector of Gottengen was in the habit of giving little receptions every week, to which many of the students were invited, and to which Eisendecker and Muhry were frequently asked, as they both belonged to the professor's class. In the quiet world of a little university town, these *soirees* were great occasions, and the invited plumed themselves not a little on the distinction of a card, which gave the privilege of bowing in the Herr professor's drawing-room, and kissing the hand of his fair daughter, the Frederica von Ettenheim, the belle of Gottengen. Frederica was the prettiest German girl I ever saw, for this reason, that having been partly educated at Paris, French *espieglerie* relieved what had been, otherwise, the too regular monotony of her Saxon features, and imparted a character of saucines—or "*fierte*" is a better word—to that quietude, which is too tame to give the varied expression so charming in female beauty. The *esprit*, that delicious ingredient, which has been so lamentably omitted in German character, she had imbibed from her French education; and in lieu of that plodding interchange of flat common-places, which constitute the ordinary staple of conversation, between the young of opposite sexes beyond the Rhine, she imported the light, delicate tone of Parisian raillery—the easy and familiar gaiety of French society, so inexpressibly charming in France, and such a boon from Heaven, when one meets it by accident elsewhere. Oh! confess it ye! who in the dull round of this world's, so called, pleasure—in the Egyptian darkness of the dinners and evening parties of your fashionable friends—sit nights long, speaking and answering, half at random, without one thought to amuse, without one idea to interest you—what pleasure have you felt, when some chance expression, some remark—a mere word, perhaps, of your neighbor beside you—reveals, that she has attained that wondrous charm—that most fascinating of all possessions—the art to converse; that neither fearful of being deemed pedantic on the one hand, or uninformed on the other, she launches forth freely on the topics of the moment, gracefully illustrating her meaning, by womanly touches of sensibility and delicacy, as though to say these lighter weapons were her own peculiar arms, while men might wield the more massive ones of sense and judgment. Then, with what lightness she flits along from theme to theme, half-affecting to infer that she dares not venture deep, yet showing, every instant, traits of thoughtfulness and reflection.

And now to come back to the students, whom, mayhap, you deem to have been forgotten by me all the time, but for whose peculiar illustration my digression was intended; it being neither more nor less than to show, that if Frederica von Ettenheim turned half the heads in Gottingen, Messrs. Eisendecker and Muhry were of the number. What a feature it was of the little town, her coming to reside in it! What a sweet atmosphere of womanly gracefulness spread itself, like a perfume, through these old saloons, whose dusty curtains, and moth-eaten chairs, looked like the fossils of some antediluvian furniture! With what magic were the old ceremonials of a professor's reception exchanged for the easier habits of a politer world! The venerable dignitaries of the university felt the change, but knew not where it lay, and could not account for the pleasure they now experienced in the vice-rector's *soirees*; while the students knew no bounds to their enthusiastic admiration, and "Die Ettenheim" reigned in every heart in Gottingen.

Of all her admirers, none seemed to hold a higher place in her favor than Von Muhry. Several causes contributed to this, in addition to his own personal advantages, and the distinction of his talents, which were of a high order. He was particularly noticed by the vice-rector, from the circumstance of his father's holding a responsible position in the Prussian government, while Adolphe himself gave ample promise of one day making a figure in the world. He was never omitted in any invitation, nor forgotten in any of the many little parties so frequent among the professors; and even where the society was limited to the dignitaries of the college, some excuse would ever be made, by the vice-rector, to have him present, either on the pretence of wanting him for something, or that Frederica had asked him without thinking.

Such was the state of this little world, when I settled in it, and took up my residence at the Meissner Thor, intending to pass my summer there. The first evening I spent at the vice-rector's, the matter was quite clear to my eyes. Frederica and Adolphe were lovers. It was to no purpose, that when he had accompanied her on the piano, he retreated to a distant part of the room when she ceased to sing. It signified not, that he scarcely ever spoke to her, and when he did, but a few words, hurriedly and in confusion. Their looks met once; I saw them exchange one glance—a fleeting one

too—but I read in it their whole secret, mayhap even more than they knew themselves. Well had it been if I alone had witnessed this, but there was another at my side who saw it also, and whispered in my ear, "Der Zahme is in love." I turned round, and it was Eisendecker, his face sallow and sickly, while large circles of dark olive surrounded his eyes, and gave him an air of deep suffering. "Did you see that?" said he, suddenly, as he leaned his hand on my arm, where it shook like one in ague.

"Did you see that?"

"What?—the flower."

"Yes—the flower. She dropped it when she crossed the room. You saw him take it up—didn't you?"

The tone he spoke in was harsh and hissing, as if he uttered the words with his teeth clenched. It was clear to me now, that he, too, was in love with Frederica, and I trembled to think of the cruel shock their friendship must sustain ere long.

A short time after, when I was about to retire, Eisendecker took my arm, and said, "Are you for going home? May I go with you?" I gave a willing assent, our lodging being near, and we spent much of every day in each other's chambers. It was the first time we had ever returned without waiting for Muhry; and fearing what a separation, once begun, might lead to, I stopped suddenly on the stairs, and said, as if suddenly remembering—

"By-the-by, we are going without Adolphe."

Eisendecker's fingers clutched me convulsively, and while a bitter laugh broke from him, he said, "You wouldn't tear them asunder—would you?" For the rest of the way, he never spoke again, and I, fearful of awakening the expression of that grief, which, when avowed, became confirmed, never opened my lips, save to say—"Good night."

I never intended to involve myself in a regular story, when I began this chapter, nor must I do so now, though, sooth to say, it would not be without its interest, to trace the career of these two youths, who now became gradually estranged from each other, and were no longer to be seen, as of old, walking with arms on each other's shoulders—the most perfect realization of true brotherly affection. Day by day the distance widened between them; each knew the secret of the other's heart, yet neither dared to speak of it. From distrust there is but a short step to dislike—alas! it is scarcely even a step. They parted.

Another change came over them, and a stranger still. Eisendecker, the violent youth, of ungovernable temper, and impetuous passion—who loved the wildest freak of student daring, and ever was the first to lead the way in each mad scheme—had now become silent and thoughtful—a gentle sadness tempered down the fierce traits of his hot nature, and he no longer frequented the old haunts of the cellar and the fighting school, but wandered alone into the country, and spent whole days in solitude. Von Muhry, on the other hand, seemed to have assumed the easy way mantle of his once friend; the gentle bearing, and almost submissive tone of his manner, were exchanged for an air of conscious pride—a demeanor that bespoke a triumphant spirit—and the quiet youth, suddenly seemed changed to a rash, high-spirited boy, reckless from very happiness. During this time, Eisendecker had attached himself particularly to me; and although I had always hitherto preferred Von Muhry, the feeling of the other's unhappiness—a sense of compassion for suffering, which it was easy to see was great—drew me closer in my friendship towards him; and, at last, I scarcely saw Adolphe at all—and when we did meet, a mutual feeling of embarrassment, separated and estranged us from each other. About this time, I set off on an excursion to the Hartz mountains, to visit the Brocken, and see the mines—my absence, delayed beyond what I first intended, was about four weeks—and I returned to Gottingen just as the summer vacation was about to begin.

About five leagues from Gottingen, on the road to Nordheim, there is a village called Meissner, a favorite resort of the students, in all their festivals—while, at something less than a mile distant, stands a water-mill, on a little rivulet among the hills—a wild, sequestered spot, overgrown with stunted oak and brushwood. A narrow bridle-path leads to it from the village, and this was the most approved place for settling all those affairs of honor, whose character was too serious to make it safe to decide nearer the university; for strangely enough—while, by the laws of the university, duelling was rigidly denounced—yet, however the quarrel was decided by the sword, the authorities never, or almost never, interfered—but if a pistol was the weapon, the thing took a more serious aspect.

Toward the mill, I was journeying at the easy pace of my pony, early on a summer's morning, preferring the rural breakfast with the miller—for they are always a kind of innkeepers—to the fare of the village. I entered the little bridle-path that conducted to his door, and was sauntering listlessly along, dreaming pleasantly, as one does when the song of the lark, and the heavy odors, of dew-pressed flowers, steep the heart in a happiness all its own—when, behind me, I heard the regular tramp of marching. I listened—had I been a stranger to the sound, I should have thought them soldiers—but I knew too well the measured tread of the student, and I heard the jingling of their heavy sabres, a peculiar clank a student's ear cannot be deceived in. I guessed at once the object of their coming, and grew sick at heart to think that the storm of men's stubborn passions, and the strife of their revengeful nature should desecrate a peaceful little spot like this. I was about to turn back, disgusted at the thought, when I remembered I must return by the same path, and meet them—but even this I shrunk from. The footsteps came nearer, and I had barely time to move off the path into the brushwood, and lead my pony after, when they turned the angle of the way. They who walked first, were muffled in their cloaks, whose high collars concealed their faces; but the caps, of many a gaudy color, proclaimed them students. At a little distance behind, and with a slower step came another party, among which I noticed one, who walked between two others, his head sunk on his bosom, and evidently overcome with emotions of deep sorrow. A movement of my horse, at this instant, attracted their attention toward the thicket—they stopped, and a voice called out my name. I looked round, and there stood Eisendecker before me. He was dressed in deep mourning, and looked pale and worn—his black beard and mustache deepening the haggard expression of his features, to which the red borders of his eyelids, and his bloodless lips, gave an air of the deepest suffering. "Ah, my friend," said he, with a sad effort at a smile, "you are here quite *apropos*. I am going to fight Adolphe this morning." A fearful presentiment that such was the case, came over me the instant I saw him—but when

he said so, a thrill ran through me, and I grew cold from head to foot.

"I see you are sorry," said he, tenderly, while he took my hand within both of his—"but you would not blame me—indeed, you would not—if you knew all."

"What, then, was the cause of this quarrel—how came you to an open rupture?"

He turned round, as he did so, his face was purple, the blood suffused every feature, and his very eyeballs seemed like bursting with it—he tried to speak, but I only heard a rushing noise, like a hoarse-drawn breath.

"Be still, my dear Eisendecker," said I, "cannot this be settled otherwise than thus?"

"No! no!" said he, in the voice of indignant passion, I used to hear from him long before, "never!" He waved his hand impatiently, as he spoke, and turned his head from me. At the same moment, one of his companions made a sign with his hand towards me.

"What!" whispered I, in horror—"a blow?"

A brief nod was the reply. Alas! from that minute all hope left me. Too well I knew the desperate alternative that awaited such an insult—reconciliation was no longer to be thought of. I asked no more, but followed the group, along the path toward the mill.

In a little garden, as it was called—we should rather term it, a neatly-chosen grass-plot—where some tables and benches were placed, under the shade of large chestnut trees, Adolphe von Muhry stood, surrounded by a number of his friends. He was dressed in his costume, as a member of the Russian club of the Landsmanschaft—a kind of uniform, of blue and white, with silver braiding on the cuffs and collar—and looked handsomer than ever I saw him. The change his features had undergone, gave him an air of manliness and confidence, that greatly improved him—and his whole carriage indicated a degree of self-reliance and energy, which became him perfectly. A faint blush colored his cheek, as he saw me enter—and he lifted up his cap straight above his head, and saluted me courteously, but with an evident effort to appear at ease before me. I returned his salute mournfully—perhaps, reproachfully, too—for he turned away, and whispered something to a friend on his side.

Although I had seen many duels with the sword, it was the first time I was present at an affair with pistols, in Germany—and I was no less surprised, than shocked, to perceive that one of the party produced a dice-box and dice, and placed them on a table.

Eisendecker all this time sat apart from the rest, and with folded arms, and half-closed eyelids, seemed to wait in patience for the moment of being called on.

"What are they throwing for, yonder?" whispered I to a Saxon student near me.

"For the shot, of course," said he; "not but that they might spare themselves the labor. Eisendecker must fire first; and for who comes second after him——"

"Is he so sure as that?" asked I in terror, for the fearful vision of blood would not leave my mind.

"That is he; the fellow that can knock a bullet off a champagne bottle at five-and-twenty paces, may chance to hit a man at fifteen."

"Muhry has it," cried one of those at the table; and I heard the words repeated from mouth to mouth, till they reached Eisendecker, as he moved his cane listlessly to and fro in the mill-stream.

"Remember, Ludwig," said his friend, as he grasped his arm with a strong clasp; "remember what I told you."

The other nodded carelessly, and merely said—"Is all ready?"

"Stand here, Eisendecker," said Muhry's second, as he dropped a pebble in the grass.

Muhry was already placed, and stood erect—his eyes steadily directed to his antagonist, who never once looked toward him, but kept his glance fixed straight in front.

"You fire first, sir," said Muhry's friend; while I could mark that his voice trembled slightly at the words. "You may reserve your fire till I have counted twenty, after the word is given."

As he spoke, he placed the pistol in Eisendecker's hand, and called out:

"Gentlemen fall back, fall back—I am about to give the word. Herr Eisendecker, are you ready?"

A nod was the reply.

"Now," cried he, in a loud voice; and scarcely was the word uttered, when the discharge of the pistol was heard. So rapid, indeed, was the motion, that we never saw him lift his arm; nor could any one say what direction the ball had taken.

"I knew it, I knew it," muttered Eisendecker's friend, in tones of agony. "All is over with him now."

Before a minute elapsed, the word to fall back was again given, and I now beheld Von Muhry with his pistol in his hand, while a smile of cool, but determined malice sat upon his features.

While the second repeated the words over to him, I turned to look at Eisendecker, but he evinced no apparent consciousness of what was going on about him; his eyes, as before, were bent on vacancy; his pale face, unmoved, showed no signs of passion. In an instant the fearful "now" rung out, and Muhry slowly raised his arm, and levelling his pistol steadily, stood with his eye bent on his victim. While the deep voice of the second slowly repeated one—two—three—four—never was anything like the terrible suspense of that moment. It seemed as if the very seconds of human life were measuring out one by one. As the word "ten" dropped from his lips, I saw Muhry's hand shake. In his revengeful desire to kill his man, he had waited too long, and now he was growing nervous; he let fall his arm to his side, and waited for a few seconds; then raising it again, he took a steady aim, and, at the word "nineteen," fired.

A slight movement of Eisendecker's head at this instant, brought his face full front; and the bullet which would have transfixed his head, now merely passed along his cheek, tearing a rude flesh-wound as it went.

A half cry broke from Muhry; I heard not the word, but the accent I shall never cease to remember. It was now Eisendecker's time; and as the blood streamed down his cheek, and fell in great drops upon his neck and shoulders, I saw his face assume the expression it used to wear in former days. A terrible smile lit up his dark features, and a gleam of passionate vengeance made his eye glow like that of a maniac

"I am ready; give the word!" cried he in frantic impatience.

But Muhry's second, fearful of giving way to such a moment of passion, hesitated; when Eisendecker again called out—"The word, sir, the word;" and the bystanders, indignant at the appearance of unfairness, repeated the cry.

The crowd fell back, and the word was given. Eisendecker raised his weapon—poised it for a second in his hand—and then elevating it above his head, brought

it gradually down, till, from the position where I stood, I could see that he aimed at his heart.

His hand was now motionless, as if it were marble—while his eye, riveted on his antagonist, seemed to fix on one small spot, as though his whole vengeance was to be glutted there. Never was suspense more dreadful, and I stood breathless, in the expectation of the fatal flash, when with a jerk of his arm he threw up the pistol, and fired above his head; and then, with a heart-rending cry, of "Mein bruder! mein bruder!" rushed into Muhry's arms, and burst into a torrent of tears.

The scene was indeed a trying one, and few could witness it unmoved. As for me, I turned away completely overcome; while my heart found vent in thankfulness that such a fearful beginning should end thus happily.

"Yes," said Eisendecker, as we rode home together that evening, when, after a long silence, he spoke: "Yes, I had resolved to kill him; but when my finger was even on the trigger, I saw a look upon his features that reminded me of his earlier and happier days, when we had but one home and one heart; and I felt as if I was about to become the murderer of my brother."

Need I add, that they were friends for ever after.

Science and Art.

NEW PROCESS FOR HARDENING TIMBER.—A native of Russia has discovered a process by which timber, though newly felled, may become so hard as to resist the influences of the most trying climate for an almost indefinite period. The most curious part of the invention is, that it does not involve the use of chemicals of any sort, such as steeping in creosote, &c., and that the process is applied to the tree while growing. The inventor is now making arrangements for the supply of his timber to railway contractors in England, and will not require any remuneration further than the amount which would be paid for ordinary timber, until the period should have elapsed beyond which the ordinary railway sleepers, telegraph-poles, &c., require to be replaced. The best railway sleepers require renewing at intervals of from four to six years; but the inventor of the new process of preparing timber asserts that he will supply an article which need not be disturbed for fifty years.

Thinkers Department.

SIR CHARLES LYELL ON NATURAL PHENOMENA.

Sir Charles Lyell's address to the British Association (at the annual meeting at Bath) on Wednesday was less discursive and more strictly scientific than usual, but by no means too technical for general apprehension. It was perhaps the best the association has ever heard. Its most interesting portion was a discussion of the great effect produced on the temperature of different parts of the earth's surface by depressions or elevations of other parts. He told the association of the manifold proofs that the greater part of the African Sahara has at no very distant geological period been beneath the ocean, and the high coast of Barbary so insulated from the body of the continent, and probably in unbroken connection with Spain, Sicily, and South Italy; and he illustrated his theory by explaining the probable effect on the climate of Europe of the elevation of this vast sandy plain. The hot sirocco, he said, which when it blows now melts so rapidly the snows on the Apennines and Alps as to cause the most dangerous floods, and to exhibit a visible rise in the snow line even in Switzerland from day to day, attains this great heat from the burning tropical sand of the Sahara over which it passes. At the time when this Sahara was still beneath the sea, this wind would have been charged with the ocean's moisture instead of with dry heat, and on striking the Alps would have been driven up by its comparative warmth and lightness to the higher regions of the atmosphere, where it would have deposited its moisture in the form of snow, and instead of melting the glaciers have greatly increased them. This alone Sir C. Lyell thought might have been sufficient to account for the Alps having been in the glacial period as much as 2,000, or 3,000 feet according to Carpenter, higher than they are now. Sir C. Lyell concluded his lecture with a striking commentary on the growing *imperfection* of our theories of the past ages of geology, every addition to our knowledge only serving to show that "it has never been a part of the plan of Nature to leave a complete record of all her works and operations" for the enlightenment of after ages.—*Albion, Sept, 19th.*

Jewels of Thought.

YOUTH AND AGE.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time; but that happeneth rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second; for there is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages; and yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old, and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years.

Young men are fitter to invent than to judge; fitter for execution than for counsel; and fitter for new projects than for settled business; for the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quiet.

Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success.—*Bacon.*

Let a man live in an old quiet place, and the wine of his soul, which has been kept thick and turbid by the rattle of busy streets, settles, and, as you hold it up, you may see the sun through it by day and the stars by night.

No power in the human soul should ever be weakened—one cannot repeat this too often—only its counterbalancing power strengthened; in squirrels the upper row of teeth often grows painfully long, but only when the lower one is lost.

PERSONS RESIDENT IN THE COUNTRY, on enclosing $2,00 to Harrison and Tullidge, box 147, Great Salt Lake City, will have the paper sent to them weekly, for one quarter of a year,

"IN my fertile county," said a Leicestershire man, "you could turn a horse into a field new-mown, and the next morning the grass would be grown above his hoofs."—"Pooh! that's nothing," said a Yorkshireman. "You may turn a horse into a field in Yorkshire, and not be able *to find him next morning*"